Watching

Magic Slim

There is a man I know
Who lives across the street
Every time I sit down at the table
He surveys what I eat
He's watching out for crime
To happen any time
He's always minding someone's business
And the business is usually mine
He's making sure that I don't have fun
Because he lives alone
He's watching in the darkness
of his home...
WATCHING YOU, WATCHING ME
Six remote controls
So he can sit back on his ass
and watch the world from his perch
by the window, on the other side of the glass
He says he's looking out for me
but why can't he just see?
Just because he has nobody
He has to bother me...Watching me!!!

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